

THE ST. GEORGE UNION.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

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Clean Cotton and Linen Paper Rags, delivered at this office, will be received on subscription to the UNION.

SWEARING.

Da——! What! Hold on! Be easy! Don't get in a passion and use rough language, simply because things do not move exactly as you would like them to. When you are enraged, bite your tongue, and not let such vile expressions pass out of your mouth. "But," says one, "I can't help it it must come out! I know I ought not to say it, but I can't hold it in any longer, after being perplexed so much!" Well, now; what an absurdity! How did those do who have been habituated to swearing and have forsaken the practice? Others have quit, and so can you, if you have a mind to do so. Swearing is one of the most degrading practices that our youth can be guilty of, and we sincerely hope that all who use bad language of any description, will forsake it at once.

FAMINE!

TERRIBLE SUFFERING IN BRAZIL!!

New York, Sept. 26.—A terrible story of famine and pestilence is told by the *Evening Post's* correspondent in Rio De Janeiro. A district in Brazil, equal in extent to the New England, middle and Atlantic states, West Virginia, Ohio and Indiana combined, has been without rain since July, 1876. Brooks, springs and wells long ago dried up. People perishing for want of food and water, have fled from their homes, many of them dying, sometimes whole families together, before reaching a place of refuge. Those of them who escaped have overcrowded the cities of refuge so greatly as, in some cases, to multiply the population by five, and they are now herded together in the open streets, living like swine, upon scanty rations issued by the government, and upon such refuse as they can gather in the gutters. Well nigh naked and utterly debased by their sufferings they live in bestial immortality, not scrupling even to resort to cannibalism in some instances, while small pox, yellow fever, dysentery, and some other diseases are sweeping them away by thousands. As if to leave

no element of wretchedness out of account, they are victims of the most brutal ill-treatment at the hands of the police and soldiery, and worse still at the hands of vile speculators, who make trade of these wretches' woes. The picture which the correspondent presents is scarcely matched in its ghastliness even by the old records of Oriental plague, and the story is more distressing by reason of the fact that these people were peaceful herdsmen and planters, cultivators of the soil, whose homes have been made desolate by a cause which could not be foreseen or provided against. Their woes are not those of men who have chosen a life of crime, but those of an industrious agricultural people, afflicted first with drought, then with famine, then with pestilence, and finally with that loss of moral sense which brutalizes men without the choice of their will. We have known only that in parts of Brazil the rainy season has failed, but we have not hitherto dreamed that such a famine as this afflicted so vast a territory.—*Ex.*

GOOD BREEDING.—That man who is scrupulously polite and respectful to all women in public but habitually saves coarse manners and vulgar language for his own wife and daughters, is no gentleman. He is only an imposter. The young man who oils his hair, puts sweet odors upon his pocket handkerchief and bows with charming elegance to Miss Arabella Spriggins and her lady friends, and goes home to sneer at his mother, and treat her with a discourtesy, is a pinchbeck imitation only of a gentleman. Genuine good manners and gentle breeding should begin at home. As a rule the men in a community who are the most trusted are the best men at home. When a man opens his front gate only to meet his wife's face at the door radiant with pleasure, and hears the shout from the eager children, "Papa is coming!" it is safe as a rule to lend that man money. He is honest and will repay it if he can.—*Mechanic.*

—BOSTON newsboys wear a badge upon their jackets with the number and "license" upon it, in itself a guarantee of good behavior, for before obtaining this from the city government the boys are on probation a certain length of time. If they prove worthy and promise faithfully to comply with the terms of a "Minor's License," the Board of Aldermen make out their papers. By the payment of one dollar a silver badge is given them, which they wear conspicuously in sight. If at any time they wish to give up their licenses, their badges are returned, and they get back their dollar. As every child must go to school in Boston for two hours a day during the school year, there are two special schools in which they and the boot blackers, little peddlers, organ boys and other children in trade, get the full worth of their school hours, in specially graded studies.—*Wide Awake Magazine.*



CAPTURED.

KILLED!

Monday evening, Sept. 23, 1878, Sheriff A. P. Hardy received a warrant for the arrest of a party who were driving a band of horses from Nevada. Sheriff went to Middleton with posse and at 3 50 a. m. on the 24th the party started out with the horses and were ordered by the Sheriff to halt, when they returned the call by a volley of bullets. The Sheriff and posse returned the fire, wounding two, (one of which escaped,) captured three of the party and returned to St. George with them.

James Pierson, Deputy Sheriff of Lincoln Co., Nev., and posse, came from Pioche with a warrant for two of the prisoners, W. P. Tuttle and Jerry Sloan, and obtained a requisition from the Governor, and Sheriff A. P. Hardy turned them over to him.

On the 26th of Sept. Dep. Sheriff Pierson and posse started for Pioche with the prisoners.

Sept. 26, 11 p. m. R. C. Lund, Coroner of Washington County, received information that the bodies of two men had been found on the Damron Valley Road, about 8 miles from St. George.

Coroner and Jury started on the 27th in quest of the bodies, and when found were identified by Sheriff Hardy as being the bodies of W. P. Tuttle and Jerry Sloan.

The following was received by Sheriff A. P. Hardy, per

DESERET TELEGRAPH.

Hebron, Sept. 27, 1878.
3.30 p. m.

To A. P. Hardy, Sheriff:—Yesterday evening a party of four masked men stopped me with double-barrel shot guns cocked on me, Henry rifle on Moore and two men stepped up to the prisoners, jerked them out of the wagon and told us to travel as fast as we could go. We went on. Soon after heard shooting. In less than half an hour Moore went back and found prisoners dead and mob gone. This occurred at the black rocks near Damron Valley, about four o'clock yesterday evening—sent word to you by D.H. Cannon last evening, told him particulars and to be sure to tell you.

James Pierson.

The following is the verdict of the Coroner's Jury.

Territory of Utah,
St. George Precinct,
Washington County:
An inquisition holden at St. George